

The Millennium Digital Commerce Act is an interim step that will help facilitate interstate and international commerce. It is a necessary precursor to state-by-state adoption of the Uniform Electronic Transactions Act (UETA).

Mr. President, my colleagues on both sides of the aisle strongly agree that it is now time to move S. 761 to the floor.

It has broad support and I hope we can work together to move this bipartisan pro-technology, pro-electronic commerce legislation forward as soon as possible.

MARY MCGRORY ON JOHN F. KENNEDY, JR.

Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, it happens I was in the White House, in what was then Ralph Dungan's southwest office just down the hall from the Oval Office—where they were cleaning the carpet, the President's furniture having been moved to the outside corridor with his rocking chair atop the clutter—when word came from Dallas that the President was dead. A few moments later Hubert H. Humphrey burst in, embraced Dungan and let out: "My God, what have they done to us." By "they" of course he meant the political right wing in Texas. Later we learned that the Dallas police had arrested a man associated with Fair Play for Cuba. What indeed had been done to us, what were we doing to ourselves?

That evening a group of us who lived on Macomb Street, out Connecticut Avenue, drifted over to Mary McGrory's. We sat about, saying little. At length Mary, with the feeling only she can put into words, announced: "We'll never laugh again." "Heavens, Mary," I replied, "we'll laugh again. It's just that we will never be young again."

In this morning's Washington Post, her column "A Death in the Family" describes in poignant detail the history from then to now, now being of course the death of John F. KENNEDY, JR., so much on our minds in those slow-paced days of mourning so many years ago, now himself gone, along with his wife Carolyn and his sister-in-law Lauren Bessette.

I ask unanimous consent that her reflections be reprinted in the RECORD in full following my statement.

There being no objection, the article ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Washington Post, July 22, 1999]

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY (By Mary McGrory)

To understand the round-the-clock coverage of John Kennedy's death, the unending talk about it, and the makeshift memorials, it helps to remember what the country felt about his parents. His father, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, handsome and dashing, came out of Boston insisting on being our first Catholic president—and was assassinated on Nov. 22, 1963.

His beautiful mother, Jacqueline Bouvier, once dismissed as a social butterfly, stepped

forward and held the country together. She arranged a funeral that was majestic and moved through it like a queen. She saw to every detail from the kilted Irish pipers to the eternal flame.

When it was over, she summoned the most famous political scribe of his time, Theodore H. White, and put a name on her husband's time in office, Camelot. The country has been emotionally involved with the Kennedy's ever since. They are numerous, good looking and always up to something. They have provided a pageant of smiles, tears and scandals.

When John Kennedy's single-engine plane, with him at the controls, fell off the radar at the Martha's Vineyard airport, the nation once again went to its post by the television to keep vigil with the Kennedys.

In the five days that followed, the dread and dismay were laced with indignation. This was not supposed to happen. This was entirely gratuitous. The crown prince had been exempt from "the curse of the Kennedys"—a phrase coined by Uncle Teddy during the Chappaquiddick crisis. Had not Jackie Kennedy sequestered her children from the turbulence at the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port, as Bobby Kennedy's fatherless sons wrestled with various demons? She took John and Caroline over the water to Martha's Vineyard.

John had not followed in his father's footsteps. He was his mother's son. She brought him up not to be a Kennedy, but to be himself. He shared her detachment about politics. When asked a while back how, in the light of his father's posthumously revealed promiscuity, Jack Kennedy would have tolerated today's fierce press scrutiny, John Kennedy said coolly he thought his father might have chosen to go into another line of work.

John Kennedy died like his father violently and too soon. His blond wife, Carolyn Bessette, and his sister-in-law Lauren Bessette died with him. At 38, he left more unfulfilled promise than performance. He was strikingly handsome and unexpectedly nice for one of his looks and station. He was courteous to all, even the paparazzi who dogged him from the age of 3 when he broke the nation's heart by saluting his father's coffin.

The tabs called him "The Hunk" and People magazine said he was "the sexiest man alive." If the grief seems disproportionate to his life, it is easily explained. He was measured by who he was, not what he did.

His mother vetoed his first choice of a career, the theater. He went into the law, but not for long. He founded a magazine he called "George." It was to be a glossy, trendy monthly that treated politics as entertainment.

He courted publicity for "George" by sometimes doing odd things: He posed nude for an illustration to accompany a critique of his Kennedy cousins' behavior. More recently, he visited Mike Tyson, the convicted rapist, in prison; he invited pornographer Larry Flynt to the White House correspondents' dinner. Like his mother, he never explained his actions. He was a free spirit. His father, despite his private excesses, was decorous in his public life, having a politician's perpetual concern about what the neighbors will think. Jack Kennedy was witty, sometimes in the mordant Irish way; his son was whimsical. Politics does not allow for whimsy.

John's love life was of aching, international interest. He courted a string of gorgeous girls and then married one. He married willowy Carolyn Bessette at a secret wedding on an island off Georgia. He was terribly proud of his coup against the press. He released one picture. It was of him kissing his bride's hand. It was drop-dead romantic.

The country spent the last weekend soaking up every detail, watching hour after hour of Jack's funeral, Bobby's funeral, touch football, prayers at Arlington. The context was pure, incredible Kennedy. The clan had gathered at Hyannis Port to celebrate the wedding of Rory Kennedy. A huge tent had been set up on Ethel's lawn. It was the one mercy of the grim weekend. The Kennedys, who derive such solace from each other, were together. The wedding was postponed. The family mourned.

Washington talked of nothing else. Arguments broke out over "the curse of the Kennedys"—was it really the rashness of its members? "Where was God in all this?" one man demanded to know at a subdued Saturday party.

All agreed on one point: It was a shame.

CALIFORNIA'S GUN CONTROL LAWS

Mr. LEVIN. Mr. President, earlier this week, California Governor Gray Davis signed into law two of the strictest gun control measures in the country. One of these laws is the nation's most comprehensive ban on assault weapons, and the other prohibits the purchase of more than one handgun a month.

California residents support these common sense safety measures designed to take lethal, semiautomatic weapons off the streets, and reduce illegal gun trafficking. Californians feel strongly about ending the easy accessibility of guns because of their history with gun violence over this last decade. In 1989, Americans were shocked when a madman walked into a schoolyard in Stockton, CA, with a rapid-firing AK-47 and shot off 50 rounds a minute for 2 minutes, killing 5 children and wounding 30. Californians were again struck by tragedy in a 1993 massacre at a San Francisco law firm in which 8 people died and 6 were wounded, and again in 1997, when a high profile armed bank robbery spilled out on to the streets of North Hollywood.

As always, NRA lobbyists were working to undermine the effort of the California state legislature. But because gun violence has held such a prominent and tragic place in the minds and hearts of Californians, the legislature was able to defy the NRA and pass these responsible gun control measures. So many families in California have been torn apart by gun violence, and so many people have been affected by the weak gun control laws in this nation, that the NRA failed in the California state legislature.

I hope that other states will follow the lead of the California state legislature and pass responsible gun control measures. I pray that they learn from the tragedies in California, rather than wait for a decade of tragedies to occur in their own states, before passing responsible safety measures. I also make an appeal to my Congressional colleagues to pass sensible gun control legislation now. Although in this case, the debate on gun violence has moved to the state legislature, Congress has not been absolved of its responsibility.